



# METHODIST PROTESTANT.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

For the Methodist Protestant.

MARYLAND.

Forktown, Worcester Co, August 20, 1832.

Dear Brother,—Our recent camp-meeting was much blessed of the Lord; we were favoured with good weather and good preaching. Much attention to the services, and respect to good order were paid by the people in attendance.—There were between 30 and 40 born of the Spirit at this meeting; and perhaps double the number in deep distress for the salvation of their souls. Indeed the cause of Christian liberty seems to be the cause of the people in this part of the country. We have of late formed three additional classes, which promise increase. We preach to large and attentive congregations, and we believe God attends his word with mercy and power. Last night we had a meeting at which 8 or 9 cried to God for mercy, and three professed to enjoy the pardoning love of God. Our numbers at present is *one hundred and eighty four*; among which we have four local preachers, four exhorters, and eight class leaders, all of whom we believe are deeply concerned for the good of souls, and are sending up their supplications for the Lord to revive his work. But what are these to the hundreds and thousands in other places. In fact, all we have got to do is to trust in God and be faithful, and the North shall give up, and the South keep not back, and all the world shall say the Lord reigneth! May God continue to bestow blessings on His church.

AVRA MELVIN,  
STEPHEN TAYLOR.

Rev. Eli Henkle.

For the Methodist Protestant.

VIRGINIA.

Norfolk, August 31, 1832.

Dear Brother,—All things considered we are doing as well in this district as could have been reasonably expected. Since our last Conference I have travelled through it pretty generally, with the exception of the Northern Neck Circuit. I should have visited that circuit the present month only for afflictions. In the month of March I attended the quarterly meeting in Smithfield Circuit, and in April, the quarterly meetings in Matthews and Hampton Circuits, and a two days' meeting towards the lower end of Smithfield Circuit. Brother Lattimore, one of our Conference Missionaries was with me at all these meetings, and laboured with much zeal.—Our congregations were good, and seriously attentive. At some of these we had a goodly number of mourners, and trust that good was done.

After I had got through with these meetings, I set out for the upper part of the District, and reached Lynchburg the last Saturday in April.—The following Friday I attended a three days' meeting in the upper end of Lynchburg Circuit, at a place called the Tabernacle. The people of that neighbourhood had erected a house of

worship which they intended should be free; and appointed this meeting, inviting all denominations of Christians to come and worship together for that time, and fix upon the days in which they would thereafter individually occupy the house. The Protestant Episcopalians, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, and Methodist Protestants attended the meeting, fixed their days of preaching and made their appointments accordingly. We had great harmony, and parted with much good feeling. And why should it have been otherwise. May our good God cause it to be so always. I am fully persuaded that it *would* always be so, were it not for the *preachers*. They poison the minds of the people, and fill their hearts with bitterness. The good Lord have mercy upon the shepherds of Israel! During the month of May I attended a three days' meeting at Bent Creek, about 25 miles below Lynchburg; our congregations were good for the place, and remarkably attentive. I feel persuaded that much good was done at this meeting. Brothers Walker, Percival, and Pinnell, were with me. I felt great satisfaction in this visit, and shall not soon forget this dear people. May the Lord remember them in much mercy! From thence I returned to Lynchburg, and in a few days set out for the quarterly meeting on Lynchburg Circuit. Early in June I attended a three days' meeting in Charlotte county; here I met with brother Comann, our other Conference Missionary, for the first time since conference. We had good congregations, and many were seriously impressed. From thence we directed our course to Lynchburg, for the purpose of attending the quarterly meeting for that station; and preached at old Concord, (a Presbyterian church,) on the way. Our congregations at the Lynchburg quarterly meeting were very large. We had a good time, and a prospect for further good. I set out about the 12th of June for Petersburg circuit, having brother Comann in company. On this circuit we had good times. At Spring church, the Lord poured out his spirit, many came up to be prayed for, and several professed conversion. The next day (Monday,) preached at Lebanon, and ordained brother Peoples an Elder. Here we had several mourners. In the afternoon preached at Moody's church, and had many mourners, but a heavy cloud making its appearance, caused us to break up the meeting. Some of the inmates of the house where we lodged that night, being much affected in time of family prayer, we set up and laboured with them till midnight. Tuesday preached at Bradley's school-house, and in the evening went to brother Drumgooles, Senr. who preached his first sermon the year I was born, 1773. We were refreshed and comforted by his company and conversation. On Wednesday, preached at Wesley chapel where we held our last conference; brother Drumgoole accompanied us, and exhorted with great animation. We had a good time—many mourners, and several converts.—Thursday, preached at Allen's church, under an arbour, the house not being sufficient to hold

more than the female part of the congregation. We had a solemn time. After taking dinner with brother Allen, we directed our course to Sussex County, for the purpose of attending a two days' meeting at Bethel, which had been made for brothers Burgess and Jones. We had a feeling and solemn time at Bethel. When the meeting closed on Sunday afternoon, brothers Jones and Burgess, directed their course towards Cotton Spring, where they had an appointment the next day; brother Comann and I went to the Well, from whence we set out the next morning via Suffolk for Norfolk. On Wednesday evening, after an absence of more than two months, I arrived at home. On hearing that there was a probability of getting a house to preach in, in the City of Richmond, brother Comann took the steam boat next morning for that place. The next Tuesday, 3d of July, I followed on. We remained in Richmond between two and three weeks, and obtained very good congregations. We left Richmond on Wednesday, 18th July, for the quarterly meeting on Hampton Circuit. Friday, preached at Pomunky church. Saturday, Sunday and Monday, had meeting in the Tabernacle in New Kent County. Tuesday and Wednesday, at Pomunky church again. These were good meetings—great times—times of mercy and power—many mourners and converts. Before these meetings were over, I was taken sick, and brother Comann, who generally labours hard, exerted himself so as to feel the effects afterwards for some days. We arrived in Hampton on Thursday, 26th, about 2 o'clock, P. M. The brethren there, hearing that I would be down that day, made an appointment for me at 3 o'clock, I filled the appointment and took the steam boat for Norfolk, leaving brother Comann in Hampton. On Saturday, I returned to Hampton, where we had meeting Saturday night and Sunday. It was a good meeting, we had several converts. On Sunday evening, 29th July, I returned home, where I have been ever since, not from choice, but necessity. My health has been such, ever since my return, that I have been scarcely able to walk about; indeed I have been twice confined to bed, and am now weaker than I was a month ago. Thus I have been deprived of the privilege of attending our camp meetings, which have been going on for a month, and are still going on. As far as the camp-meetings have progressed, I am informed they have been abundantly blessed.

I was highly delighted to find that the preachers were all well received on their circuits and stations. Our young men are all doing well.—May the Lord make them humble and faithful, and give them many souls for their hire! Some of our unstationed ministers have laboured much, and the fruits of their labour have been seen.

A considerable number of houses of worship have been erected for us, within this District, since we have become a church, and arrangements are making for the building of more.

As is the case elsewhere, so also here, we meet with the most determined opposition. Not



indeed from the world, nor from the greater part of the other religious denominations. But there are those, who to judge from their conduct, have been dealt with by their rulers, after the example of Hamilcar with his son Hanibal, when he led him to the altar, made him lay his hand upon it and made him swear eternal enmity to the Romans.

Under all these things we have need of patience. May the Lord give us a goodly share of it, and not suffer as to be fretted into wickedness by the conduct of others. But let us follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.

It is no time for bitterness, and wrath, and malice, and envy, and evil speaking, and strife, and contention, when the judgments of the Lord are poured out on a guilty world.

Why may we not worship God according to the dictates of our consciences, and bear some humble part in building up the Redeemer's kingdom in that way which we honestly believe he will approve? Why may we not be permitted to occupy a hill in Zion, in peace?

Is there not room for all? Is there not work enough for all? But alas! as it was in the beginning, so it is now; the priests must bear rule, and all who oppose their authority must be crushed. And many of the people have been taught to love to have it so. This state of things may continue for a time; but if it be true, that science and virtue is on the advance, that enlightened Christianity is extending her influence upon the hearts and minds of men—then verify, this day of darkness must be hastening to a close, and a clearer light may presently be expected to shine on all the Zion of God. Till that happy time shall come, let us possess our souls in patience, and be determined that by the grace of God, we will bear with the prejudices, the bigotry, the ill will, the slander, the backbiting, the evil speaking, the falsehood, and every thing else, which those who oppose themselves to us may think proper to heap upon us. After the example of our great Lord and Master, let us bear all things with meekness and patience, knowing that we are called thereunto. Let us not return evil for evil, but contrarywise, good.

As we desire, and intend, by the grace of God to overcome our enemies, let us be careful not to defeat our own purpose by using an improper weapon. There is one, which if taken hold of aright, is well calculated to accomplish our end. It is fairly within our reach, and He, whom we serve, will help us to use it dextrously if our hearts are right in His sight. This powerful weapon, is goodness. Let us try its force, and overcome evil with good. May God help us for Christ's sake—Amen. Yours, &c.

JOHN FRENCH.

For the Methodist Protestant.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Milton, September 3d, 1832.

I have been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church 34 years last May; 30 years of that time, though very unworthy, I held the office of class leader, exhorter, circuit steward, &c. I have seen that much, if not all, the power was lodged in the hands of the ministry, which I always thought would be attended with deliterious consequences, if they as a body should lose the life and power of religion. Whether that be now the case or not, I am not prepared to say, I hope it is not, but I am prepared to say, that I have seen that power abused within the space of a few years past in several instances,

one of which I shall give. J. D. who travelled the Lycoming Circuit for two years last past, was generally allowed by the members of said Church to be a tyrant in the last degree, and succeeded in putting down at once, or in wearing out by degrees, every one that had the firmness to oppose him. The preachers who have succeeded him, acknowledge that he acted very improperly, but say that it will not do for them to attempt to redress the wrongs of the aggrieved, lest they should be found trampling upon church authority. I resigned my class paper in opposition to the wishes of every member of the class, so much so, that it has caused me to weep. I thought that would satiate the vengeance of the preacher, but in this I was disappointed. I appealed to quarterly conference; here I succeeded to his mortification, and I thought to my credit.—He followed me, and when I found I could not measure swords with him, I thought it more prudent to fly than to fight with such men. All argument is lost, and persuasion is useless. I firmly believe the doctrines of the M. E. Church, and feel no disposition to receive any other, yet I never can return to that Church. Thank God I have found an alternative.

A gentleman from New York city sent me the constitution of the M. P. Church. I have read it with great attention, and approve it most sincerely. I consider it a lasting monument of the piety, experience and disinterestedness of the honorable body which framed it. My house has been the preacher's home for upwards of 20 years. I have done more perhaps, than any other man towards the building of the church in this place—all this was done freely; they are welcome to it all, and may the Lord bless them! There are a number here who are dissatisfied with the government of the M. E. Church, and I believe if I were authorized to say, that I was a member of the M. P. Church, and to hold prayer meetings, &c. that I could be the instrument in the hands of the Great Head of the church in doing some good. We should be glad to have a preacher as soon as convenient, for I believe a society could be established in this place. Yours, &c. J. T.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL.

For the Methodist Protestant.

#### NOT A CHURCH DEMOCRACY!

My Young Friend,—

In my former letter you were told that the founders of our church, did not form a government by the people, without the ministry, nor without representation. The first words in the preamble to the elementary principles and the constitution, are: "We the Representatives"—not, we, the People; nor, we, the churches; nor, we the Ministry. They were "fully persuaded the representative form of church government is the most scriptural, best suited to our condition, and most congenial with our views and feelings as fellow-citizens with the Saints of the household of God."

How is it plain that this form is the most Scriptural?

Because, a government by the ministry alone, is forbidden in the Scriptures.

Because, a church government independently of the ministry is unknown to the Scriptures.

Because, a government by the ministry and the membership of a church, finds all its principles, and many examples, in the New Testament; and, is according to those holy books, if not enjoined by them.

Because, a government by all the ministry, and by all the membership of associated churches, is impossible. Therefore, by representation only, can this government be conducted.

Because, as a representative government prevents dominion on the part of the ministry, and subjection on the part of the churches; securing to both parties their rights; puts down church anarchy, and in the most efficient way maintains equal rights, order, and the co-operation of all for the good of all,—for these reasons, we say the representative, is the most scriptural form of church government. It cannot, however, succeed in the absence of wisdom and religion.

Ah! you think ministers should be busied in other concerns than those of church politics! "Church politics!" The very name is hateful to an honest christian. Let ministers be faithful in every respect, and they will find that so far from not having their due share in the government of the church, the people will rather impose too great a part upon them. To have an equal share in these matters, ought to be a subordinate concern of one who is an Ambassador of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords; whose high commission is to "preach the gospel to every creature" who will lend an ear.

We are not such sticklers for mutual rights as to wish it believed that we deem a good church polity essential to the faith and works of every man. I will tell you what we do believe, that the apostles and first ministers brought believers into the "fellowship of the gospel," and that the rules under which they placed these believers were derived from the gospel. The apostles had, then, no other concern than to bring men into the "fellowship of the gospel." We do not believe that fellowship under any form of government will save a man; or, that it is of itself of the least possible avail to his salvation. At the same time we are compelled to believe that an unjust church government vitiates all who administer it, and endangers some who are subject to it; and is deeply injurious to mankind.

Time will not permit me to enlarge. If I digress a little you will excuse me. Test what I state at your leisure. In the order of time, the ministry and the ordinances of Christ, were anterior to the church. Therefore, neither the ministry nor the ordinances of religion were by appointment of the church. Nor was the office and the duties of the ministry of their own choosing. The office was conferred, and the duties were imposed, by the Divine Head of the church. We think the Scriptures were committed to the church as to the ministry; that the church is the guardian of orthodoxy; that every one has the right of private judgment; and, that the church is appointed in conjunction with the ministry to decide on the qualifications or pretensions of men to become ministers; according to the direction of St. John—"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world." Blessed is that church which has a gospel ministry. Blessed is that ministry who serve a Christian church. If we could accurately ascertain the love of Christians for a gospel ministry, we should need no other index to their condition; unless we add the love of one another.

Besides the ministry, every well ordered church from the beginning, had its officers or official bodies; these, of course, were variously, and more or less, or not at all, scripturally constituted. Contempt of scripturally constituted church authorities is no small sin. For it is a



contempt of the ordination of Christ; a contempt of his ministry; a contempt of his church; contempt for the welfare of the congregation. A contempt of all order; an introduction of all confusion, and of every evil work. The consequences cannot be expressed in any language I can use—they often take an unyielding hold on death.

Consider how our Annual Conferences were authorised, who composes them, and say if they should not be regarded by us with the greatest respect. Consider their responsibilities, and admit the duties of the churches to sustain them in their just decisions. So likewise of the Quarterly Conferences; the Leaders Meetings; the Trustees.

Let us honour and render a righteous compensation to the ministers appointed by the Conferences to labour amongst us.

Never let it be said that a qualified minister suffered want in our borders. That some would not contribute a cent to supply his necessities—that any neglected class-meetings, when they could have attended them; that the prayer meetings were permitted to come to naught—that the love-feasts were forsaken—that the ministry was discouraged—that the congregation was broken up—that the place of worship was sold—that the general cause was reproached.

Now all these things may happen, if we disregard and treat with contempt the properly constituted authorities of our churches; and, fall into the slough of church democracy; that is, of an administration—or rather mal-administration of church affairs by the people without representation.

*Shinn*

For the Methodist Protestant.

"But we with pleasure, own our errors past,  
And make each day a critique on the last."

Mr. Editor,—Whenever an individual or community, adopts the opinion, that their ways are perfect, and cannot be improved, it will follow of course, that all who differ with them are in error; and should religion, or the church, be the subject of controversy, it leads to infallibility in one, and heresy in the other.

Such are the destructive features of the controversy which has existed for the last ten years between the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a portion of her intelligent members.

For twenty years of pain and toil, and humiliating experience, I am prepared to testify, that the private conversations, and public preaching, or instruction of their ministry, has tended directly to this point. 1st. By holding up all other denominations of christians to odium and contempt—by attacking their doctrines, and by an intended caricature of their tendency, have excited the disgust of an intelligent community; charging them, with being mere formalists; and denying to them the possession of all vitality and genuineness of religion.

2d. By praising most extravagantly their own doctrines, preaching, praying, exhorting their highest, &c. &c. Also, by making their success in adding numbers to their communion, the test and seal of God's approbation; and laying claim to an exclusive possession of all genuine piety.

So much for the general course of procedure among the ministers and a large portion of private members, who in almost all churches, are found ready and willing to adopt the sentiments of their religious teachers, whether wise or unwise, learned or ignorant; an infatuation, which, if managed by artful and designing priests, is

destructive of all piety, and subversive of the purest principles of christianity.

In this way the doctrine of infallibility has been taught in the most specious, and successful form; the results have been answerable to the policy and diligence used in its propagation. He who could not be made an adept in this ecclesiastical intrigue among the Corps d'Esprit, was thought unworthy of his office. Submission and obedience are lessons of indispensable acquisition, among the Episcopal Itinerants generally, and with these necessary qualifications the whole system becomes easy, and after passing through all the intermediate grades, honors and titles, will fall thick upon the head of the successful aspirant, D. D., surmounted by the episcopate. These are alluring baits for a willing disciple, and no wonder that perfection should crown the plan in his estimation. To teach any doctrine, whether true or false, confidence and zeal are necessary. Of these there has been no lack among the votaries of Methodist Episcopacy.

But 3d.—The Christian Advocate has been also the advocate of infallibility.

I commenced reading this journal with the publication of its first number, and for years was zealous in its circulation; and during the whole of its successful career it has preached the doctrine of the infallibility of methodism.

O what astounding praises and commendations of its own dignity, intelligence, usefulness, excellence, and wide spread circulation, has it rolled forth upon an astonished and admiring membership. I appeal to the people of these United States, and would ask, who ever saw one line, in all its numerous pages, that pointed out its faults, (I had forgotten it had none) or objected to its uncharitable and acrimonious spirit. Who ever read one line, condemning the justly exceptionable parts of its ecclesiastical economy, or recommending an equal representation? When was a candid and dignified remonstrance from any of its numerous members permitted to speak out in its columns, in the manly independence of intelligent investigation? No such fearless, and undaunted investigator was permitted to appear on its pages. But every line calculated to bolster its pretensions; all praise of its immaculate discipline; its unequalled itinerancy; its unexampled success; in fact, all that could convey the idea of infallibility has filled its pages? Were all its pages devoted scrupulously to the most reckless and extravagant encomiums on itself and its cause? No sir, much, very much of its paper and ink, and labour have been wasted and perverted, to purposes of abuse; sarcasm and malignity heaped mountains high on other denominations of christians? Here the same policy is discoverable that exists in the itinerant ranks, and the doctrine inculcated by both is this? THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH CAN DO NO WRONG!

From the preceding remarks, I wish to draw a conclusion of a practical character.

If we, as a community, are more desirous to seek after purity of heart and holiness of life, than the praise of men, let us be very cautious and modest, in lauding the freedom of our constitutions, the purity of our doctrines, the excellency of our discipline. We are young, and have much to learn in regard to our economy, and I have no doubt, that time and experience will suggest many alterations and improvements. It would be therefore, extremely prejudicial to the best and soundest principles of our church, to tell the world, or even our own members, that it cannot be improved.

"By their fruits shall ye know them," is a maxim, as sound as it is wise. Were we to rely upon this test for a fair exhibition of our character, there is no danger of deception; but when we resort to sounding a trumpet before us, look out! Hypocrisy follows in the train.

NATHANIEL.

## PRACTICAL.

For the Methodist Protestant.

### INGRATITUDE.

Mr. Editor,—This sin has abounded ever since the transgression of Adam. Was not the first departure deeply interwoven with that heinous offence. Had our first parents been truly grateful to God, could they, under its lively influence, have forgotten the distinguished favors of the Almighty, so far as to dare to trespass against his Divine Majesty?

We fearlessly assert, that ingratitude has obtained in all ages of the world; nor has it been confined alone to the openly profane and the most abandoned. No; it has entered into all the public and social relations of life. It continues to have a place in all nations and amongst every people. It pervades monarchies and republics. Indeed it has become a proverb that "Republics are ungrateful." Is not the proverb founded in mournful facts?

Has our highly favored country been exempt from this crying sin, either as it relates to the Author and Giver of all our innumerable civil and religious privileges, or to those, through whose instrumentality these high privileges have been secured to us? In reference to Deity, is not our ingratitude of a most shameful and debasing character? If we were a grateful people, would not the sanctuaries of the Most High be frequented, at least on the Sabbath, by every individual whose health would permit, and who lives within reach of a temple of the Lord? If we were a grateful people, would the present sanctuaries, erected to the King Eternal, contain one twentieth part of the population who would present their grateful offerings in prayer and praise to the God of their mercies?

What is the present situation of matters? In our cities containing from 20,000 to 215,000 inhabitants there are not houses of public worship sufficient to accommodate on the average one third of the population—and these are not more than half filled generally. We ask, would this be the case were we a grateful people! If we were a grateful people universally, would there not be temples sufficiently numerous to contain all the people, and would they not all be found sending up their grateful offerings to the Giver of every good, and every perfect gift? Is not the absence of more than half of our population, as a nation, from the Sabbath services and the sparseness of the temples of God, sad evidences of our ingratitude? Will not God visit us for this sin in his sore displeasure.

Were we a grateful people would we have permitted so many of the brave heroes of the Revolution to sink into utter obscurity, and finally to die in poverty—leaving family wretchedness and the ingratitude of the public, as the only future heritage of their children—whose brilliant prospects had been sacrificed by their noble fathers on the altar of love of country.

Were we a grateful people, would it not be exhibited in the lives, particularly of the professors of the Christian Religion? Would the contempt and hauteur so prevalent amongst thousands of the present age be seen, if gratitude to God lived in our bosoms? Let us come a little



closer still; were the bosoms of the ministers of the Gospel filled with this holy principle, would we not behold more holy effort put forth by them to beseech sinners to be reconciled to God?—Would we not see them more prompt to visit the couches of the sick, and the beds of the dying? Is there not a most shameful dereliction on this subject? O how many of the poor of this world are permitted to languish and die without even a solitary visit from a professed preacher of the Gospel? The modesty of the poor family prevents them from asking in many instances the presence of the minister. Yes, and we have known some preachers who have feigned frivolous pretexts when they have been most humbly and affectionately, and with tears solicited to visit the dying. Are such angels of mercy in human form? Is this gratitude to God for placing them in the sacred office, or does it not argue that they were placed there only by human appointment, and their own seeking. Will not the latter be, and ought it not to be, the just inference of all men conversant with Bible requirements? Would not gratitude to God induce them to consider all men their brethren; and the afflicted and the dying as peculiarly entitled to their services, and their prayers. O if there be one thing in this world calculated to multiply infidels and to strengthen their cause, it is that of the want of heavenly mindedness and faithful discharge of duty on the part of the teachers of our holy religion. Priestly pride, is hateful both to God and man: on the contrary, humility, personal suavity, meekness, christian courtesy, and peculiar attention to the claims of the suffering and the dying, never fail of ennobling the ministerial character—never fail to endear him to the public, never fail to command respect even from the most ungodly.

Let us come still nearer to our domestic scenes. How is it with heads of families who are members of a Christian church? Is not ingratitude found abounding amongst, and pervading a large majority of these? Does the incense of gratitude ascend from the family altar every morning and every evening, in prayer and praise to the God of their lives and mercies?

Is the impress of heavenly meekness and christian love seen on the countenance, in the hourly interchange amongst the family circle—in all the developments of their transactions and intercourse? Do we show our amount of gratitude by our love to God—by our love for the souls of those around us. As our heavenly Father is beneficent and kind to us, are we kind to our husbands, our wives, our parents, our children, and our servants, even to the ungrateful amongst them? Do those ministers who care for our souls by faithfully labouring to promote our eternal interests, feel our personal and family gratitude and respect in more than mere words? Have they an interest in our hearts when before the throne of Grace, and do we call upon God to sustain them in their labours, and to render their ministrations effectual in the conversion of many souls? Do we see that these men of God neither want any good thing, nor their families. If we be grateful to God as members of the church, we shall demonstrate it by our lives and conversation.

But are we grateful to each other? Is it not frequently the reverse amongst professors of religion? Are ministers grateful to their people, for all the helps which are afforded them from the few who shew them kindness. Is there not a great want of thankfulness amongst us all to God and to each other? Has not the ingratitude of the many, worn out much of the zeal of the few, to bestow favors?

Great God of the Universe! what a thankless race are we! Is not Thy continued clemency to us under such mountains of ingratitude a subject of wonder to Angels and Archangels!

Reader, will you unite with the writer in a new covenant, to be more humble, grateful, and obedient?

“BOHLER.”



### BALTIMORE:

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1832.

The Camp Meetings held during the present season have been replete with rich displays of Divine influence. Many have been the subjects of convicting and justifying grace, and we humbly trust that many old professors have experienced the work of God to be deepened in their hearts.

We live in an eventful crisis. Never we believe have greater efforts been made to accelerate the coming kingdom of our Divine Immanuel. The North has been giving up. The South has ceased to withhold. Sons of God have been brought from afar, and daughters of the Most High from the uttermost parts of the earth.

Surely we are favored with the meridian Gospel privileges. Our responsibilities are daily increasing as professors of the Religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. Do we feel them as we ought, and improve them as we should? It is the duty of each Christian to be found in the prompt and faithful performances of duty. Let us demonstrate the genuineness of our faith by our works.

Christianity expects from each of its gracious subjects, the practical developements of those divine precepts which shine with so much lustre on the pages of the New Testament. If we love God supremely, we will also love our fellow-men. As we expect to be forgiven our trespasses by our Heavenly Father, we must forgive our enemies. Have we arrived at this state of Christian feeling and practice? Do we indeed do good to, and pray for those who despitefully use and persecute us? If so, then indeed do we reflect the image of our blessed Saviour. If not, we have not attained the mark of our high calling.

Death and Eternity are at the door. Brethren, the time to work out our salvation, is very short. To secure eternal life will require all the energies of our souls, and then all will be vain unless God superadds the influences of His holy Spirit.

Our distant friends, who have funds pertaining to the Book Department, will much oblige the General Book Agent of the Methodist Protestant Church, by remitting per mail without

delay. Owing to the prevailing epidemic, the usual business has not been transacted, and a consequent want of funds has ensued. He hopes they will think of his necessities, and forward such funds as they may have on hand in current bank bills. Also, that they will collect such as are still out, and forward the amount per mail at his risk. Their kind and prompt attention to this request will be considered a signal favor by him.

Orders for the pamphlet containing replies to the General Conference Address of the Methodist Episcopal Church, can still be filled. A general circulation of this pamphlet is considered important to the cause of Christian Liberty.

### PULPIT.

*Outline of a Sermon, preached April 15, 1832, at the installation of the Rev. John Monteath.*

BY THE REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.

(Concluded from page 287.)

I feel the imperfection of the account thus given, of what the Bible calls the manifestation of truth to the conscience. It is impossible to give aught like a satisfactory treatment of it within the limits of one discourse. But what I have failed in expounding, the minister who is now to be settled among you will, I am persuaded, not fail in exemplifying. And though he should do no more from the pulpit than give a faithful exposition of the truths in the book, those truths will be sufficient to attest their own divinity. It is right that every clergyman should be able to defend the cause of his master against all assailants. It is right to meet the adversary from whatever quarter he may come; and when philosophy, in lordly contempt, points to the demonstrations of science, we should know how, with her own weapons, to meet and overbear the objection. The church is still a church militant; and, in every age, the call of faith has been to battle. But a few are sufficient for this great and essential service; leaving more for the still greater service of upholding the sovereignty of Christian truth over the consciences of the general population. I believe, under the blessing of God, that your minister would acquit himself ably of the former service; and I also believe that he will acquit himself faithfully, and I trust effectively, of the latter service, and make it the study of his life to speak to the consciences of men; and, however repulsive to nature the truth may be, bring it forward without reserve, and without instigation. And though some may think it wild and fanatical, the truths of the gospel will be found to be the only instrument by which the virtues of the gospel, and the loveliness of a varied mortality, can obtain their secure establishment in every neighbourhood and every family. It is said that some Christians only try to plant in the understanding the dogmata of a creed. We reply that we have no value for the Christianity of such, if it tell not on the doings of the conduct. The great object of Christianity is to make men virtuous.—The first overture of the gospel is one of reconciliation, holding out terms of acceptance to a guilty world; but its great object is to regenerate men; and all zeal for right doctrines is vain, if there be not an endeavour after right practice. And let me hope that this palpable evidence of his success may brighten over his vineyard; and



that, as the fruit of his exertions, not only many sons and daughters may be turned into orthodoxy, but, what would be the best effect and evidence of all orthodoxy, that many sons and daughters may be turned unto righteousness.

But the labours of the pulpit are not the only labours he will have to perform. We know well how evanescent are the lessons of eloquence and argument, and that, unless followed up by converse among you, all his lessons will go into dissipation. We are strangely constituted, and there is often a strange contrast or contrariety between our feelings and our doings. This is never more strikingly exemplified than in the life of many an aspiring hearer of the gospel. Delighted, it may be, with the sermon, but not one inch of progress towards heaven. Lulled, sabbath after sabbath, as by the sound of a pleasant song; rejoicing in the house of God, as in the gate of heaven; running after a gospel minister, and sitting with all complacency under him, and yet no practical movement towards a life of new obedience. Oh, it is so flattering! To hear the Sabbath bells, and see the people hastening to obey its summons; to look on the avenue which leads to the house of God, and see it all in a glow with the crowd and bustle of the passengers; to enter the church, and see every eye fixed on the man of God, as if each were the unfailling index of the heart;—it seems as if the business of Christianization were going on prosperously in his hand. But there is a spirit within beyond his influence, and which no power of eloquence can subdue; and unless God makes a willing people in the day of his power, all the interest will pass away with the sound that raised it; all the seriousness will vanish within half an hour; the men and the business of the world will take the place of the same thing which was like Christianity; and all will be dissipated into nothingness, when they go to their shops, and their families, and their market-places.

We would not depreciate the value of the pulpit. It is there that the chief efficacy of a minister lies; and he will daily sink in usefulness, unless his power in the pulpit be manifest; acquitting himself as an upright minister of the New Testament—expounding with faithfulness and energy the truths of salvation—distributing to his hearers the satisfying food of the divine word—setting before them death and judgment, so as to awake a realizing sense of their importance; and so urging home on their consciences the demands of the law, as to make the announcement fall with acceptance on their ears, when he tells that unto them a Saviour is born. Eloquence may dazzle, and intellect may attract, and fashion may sustain, for a little hour, an attendance on the reigning idol of the neighbourhood; but they will not cause them to hunger for the bread of life, or to make a business of their eternity. To fill a pulpit well, the gospel must be displayed in all its extent; and the articles of universal depravity, of justification through faith in the peace-speaking blood of Christ, and the necessity of a holy life—these must be the articles on which the Christian orator must love to expatiate. These are the only staple of a good and efficient ministration; and if not delivered from the place where we now stand, either he *will* not, or he *ought* not, to occupy it.

But we should feel grieved and disappointed if he were to confine himself to the pulpit; and were not to go forward to all the dwellings in his vineyard, thus acting the part of an apostle among them; and varying the fatigue of his stu-

dious preparations by a daily walk among the sick, and the sorrowful, and the dying. It will be your part to respect his sanctuary; and it will be his part to return your delicacy by visits of kindness. It is a wrong imagination to look for an efficient ministration on the Sabbath, if you tease, and annoy, and interrupt him through the week. And it is a wrong imagination, if, looking to the church as the only place of meeting, he do not relax his labours of spirit by frequent and familiar intercourse with you. You ought not to intrude on his arrangements and his studies; but he ought, in those arrangements, to provide for visits to you. Be aware of the distinction between the season of the day set apart for retirement, and that which is open to converse with all, and when he hides not himself from his own flesh. People too often proceed on the imagination that the college education puts it all into us, and that we have only to go to the pulpit and pour it all forth again. They seem to think sermons are laid up in the mind, like ready-made goods, instead of each requiring a most laborious process of manufacture.—There is a gross insensibility to the privileges of sacred and literary engagement. There are inroads on the prophet's chamber sufficient to account for the pulpit imbecilities of which so many complain, while they themselves have helped to occasion them. And if you wish to foster the energies of your future minister, and to assist the labours by which he prepares your Sabbath repast, and to catch such a glow of heaven's spirit as shall make you look and long for another Sabbath, as a resting-place on your way to the heavenly Zion; then let him have a retreat at which to kindle his own seraphic fire, that he may thereby enkindle yours. Hold his asylum to be sacred. Due respect is not paid to the labours of genius, for people have no idea of the labour of a man, who is bringing all his faculties to bear on a particular subject. If a minister do his duty he is the hardest worked man in the parish.

But we trust that from the asylum of his own study, his excursions will be frequent; and we feel assured that nothing but an affectionate forthgoing is necessary on his part in order to have a warm and willing reception on yours. It is an utter mistake to suppose that any population will resist such kindness; or that in towns there is a hard and insolent defiance, which no good-will can overcome. There never was a greater mistake. Let him but try; and he will find as courteous and inviting a reception, as among the most primitive of our Scottish peasantry. If he stand forth to the cottager, not in the spirit of fawning obsequiousness, but of honest and manly friendship, it is not in human nature to withstand his advances, and we affirm that they *would* not stifle if they *could* the feelings of respect which spring up in return. Even though at the imputation of magnifying my office. I aver it as my strongest confidence, that a zealous and efficient ministry can alone uphold the righteousness that exalteth a nation. Sabbath-services will not do alone—week-day ministrations will not do alone; but it is not to be told how the two act and re-act on each other, and the combination will be found to be irresistible.

The principle may have been but little recognized, but it has not the less power and efficacy, that let a minister but go forth to the people with love, and it will draw forth their regards after him. If he carry his ministrations into the bosom of every family, and set by every dying bed, and attend every funeral, and seize

every opening for usefulness, and while a fit companion for the great, is the ever accessible friend of the poorest. It is possible that nothing in his addresses on the Sabbath will have so powerful an effect in drawing forth their attendance. After seeing what he does, a natural desire will spring up to hear what he says. It is not yet known how powerfully such labours will tell in drawing their regards on him. They will make his pulpit a common centre of attraction. To witness *these* we need not go the upland vales of our country. It is not a local phenomenon dependent on geography, but a moral and general one, dependent on the laws of the heart. It is enough for the labours of a clergyman, if there be human feelings and human families. He will meet the same success beside the smoke, and the din, and the dizzying wheel of industry, as if his only walk were through peaceful hamlets, with nought but the romance and rusticity of nature around him.

#### THE LISTENER.

##### MUSIC.

Music oft has such a charm,  
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

It was one of those still autumn nights, when the silence of nature bears rather the character of death than repose—when, the ear, listening in vain for so much as the falling of a withered leaf, a momentary sensation steals upon the mind that we only are remaining in existence, while all is extinct besides. There was not so much as a ripple to break the moonbeam that was sleeping on the water, a still, pale streak of unvarying brightness. A few dark sails hung motionless upon the surface, soliciting the breeze in vain; but most, in despair of further progress, had dropped the anchor and betaken themselves to the hold, whence a gloom of light now and then glanced upon the water to give the only token of existence. The moon hung in solitary splendour midway in the heavens, and the outline of every object was as distinctly traced as in the full light of day; seeming to gain magnitude and sublimity by the loss of colour. The cliff appeared to have grown to immeasurable height, the woods to impenetrable thickness. There was not in all the heavens a cloud, nor on all the earth a vapour. Thoughts of lightness and folly can find no welcome in the mind at such an hour as this. That Being with whom we seem to be left alone in the universe, becomes more sensibly the guardian of our path. When removed from all other observation, we grow more conscious of His presence; and the sensation is powerful, though mistaken, that persuades us He can more distinctly mark our feelings in the solitude of night than amid the noise and bustle of the day.

It was so I felt and so I thought, as I walked between the huge dark cliff, and the far-receded waters, listening in vain for any sound that might break on the imperturbable stillness of the evening. I was now drawing near to the habitations of men, that, stretching from the town, spread themselves at unequal distances along the cliff; rare at first, but increasing in thickness as they drew nearer to the centre from which they emanated. Here too all were silent. Small store of fire and candles had bidden the peasant early to his rest—the cottage door was closed—the honest were wrapt in wholesome slumber, and the nightly depredator had not yet come forth on his errand of mischief. I paused a moment to consider the mer-



cy of Him who watches over the unguarded pillow of the one, and forbears the punishment due to the deeds of the other, when a sound, as of distant music, came upon my ear. Walking a little forward, I perceived that it proceeded from a house, yet at some distance, that stood between me and the town. The notes, as far as I could distinguish them, were soft and plaintive, and in the silence of such a night, there seemed to me something in them almost celestial. My feelings at that moment told me music was the gift of heaven, and therefore must have been given for our good; and rapidly my mind ran over the various uses that have been made of it.

In every age and every country, music has been made the emblem of whatever is most lovely and enchanting; and whether the tales that are told us of its influence be truth or fiction, they equally prove the general perception of its power over the feelings and affections of humanity. From the coarse whistle of the ploughboy riding homeward on the fore-horse of his team, to the loud peal of the organ amid the chorus of some hundred voices, music seems to be the most natural language of the happy, the spontaneous solace of the sad.—With every idea of things beautiful, pure, and delightful, music has been associated; but we never mix it with the images of things base, vicious, and disgraceful. No heathen savage ever pictured to himself a future heaven, but he placed music among the first of its delights; and in those bright prospects of eternal bliss, so often opened to us in the Holy Scriptures, music is always made a part, real or emblematical, of our promised enjoyment.

A power so universal in its influence on our feelings, so naturally combined with whatever is good and fair, and honoured with so much notice in the commands and promises of God, must surely be a gift from heaven, for the use of which we are responsible. Given, as we must suppose it, to our first parents in Paradise, it was there the language of gratitude and joy. The first use of music upon earth, perhaps, was to sound forth the praises of the Creator; and certainly it is the only one of our talents, of the continuance and purpose of which hereafter any mention has been made. Surely, then, it is a gift too sacred to be used as an instrument of folly and impiety. It is not my purpose here to disclose the worst uses to which it has been perverted—may my readers long and ever continue strangers to them!

My loitering steps now brought me near to the window whence the delightful sounds had issued. I heard them still, and could distinguish voices mingled in natural and simple harmony. Imagination supplying what I did not hear, I fancied it the language of piety going forth from glad and grateful hearts, and stealing through the silence of the night to find gracious acceptance at the throne of mercy; and now my propensity to know more than was intended for my observation became strong within me—ascending a mound directly opposite to the inviting window; I set myself to see what might be passing within.

The room was dressed with flowers, and gaily lighted, shining with many a fair and happy countenance. There was not a brow amongst them that seemed to bear the weight of twenty years, and some not half that number. The little group were variously occupied. Some were examining the wild flowers, or turning over the shells and pebbles that had been gathered in their morning walk—others were spreading forth prints and

drawings for the amusement of their friends.—Of the younger, some were deeply intent on the intricate puzzle; of the elder, one was placed at the piano, while another tuned the harp; and the leaves of the music-book were rapidly turned over in search of the selected song.

My active fancy now found ample business. There was so much innocence in the employments, and so much pleasure in the countenances of the assembly, that all seemed in unison with my previous feelings. I imagined it some happy birthday night, which the inmates of the mansion had assembled their friends to celebrate. I looked on each countenance separately, and saw not on one a frown of ill humour or a shade of sorrow. Here then at last, I whispered to myself, is the use of music not perverted. Some child beloved has completed another of her early years, and the hearts of those who love her are glad and grateful. Strains of moral feeling, perhaps of cheerful piety, are going forth from hearts as yet untainted with the follies and the fashions of the world; from lips that no unholy jest, no thoughtless impiety, as yet has stained. The music began: the air was plaintive. If it had not the sublimity of our best sacred music, it was feeling, chaste, and beautiful. I descended quickly from the mound, and placed myself near enough to the window indistinctly to catch the words. But my dreams of grateful devotion and moral purity, how were they dissipated, when the first words I distinguished were an impassioned address to a heathen god, beginning "Dieu d'Amour," and going on with a great deal about "Les Astres," "Les Parques," and other objects of a pagan's worship! My pleasure was past; but curiosity retained me on the spot, and I waited patiently another and another song. The second was Italian, the sweetest language of music, and the most perverted. The best I could hope here, was that performers and audience were alike ignorant of the nonsense, not to say indelicacy, of the words they were singing. At last I distinguished the accents of our native tongue, and something of a better hope revived—for now the young performers at least must know the meaning of their words. I heard the name of God—the Christian's God! and listened with redoubled earnestness: though, in truth, there seemed something of profanation in the mixture; but, alas! it was more in accordance than I thought. That sacred name was used but as an expression of earnestness on subjects with which the thought of Him could not possibly combine. How I wished I were at that moment on the mound, to see if a blush did not suffuse the cheeks of the singer, as she uttered a name she could not be accustomed to profane! Or can it be, that the lips of innocence may sing without thought, or feeling, words they dare not speak—sentiments they would blush to feel—breathe out a mockery of prayer under cover of a foreign language, and make sport of names, at the mention of which, angels in heaven bow their heads with reverence? The best that can be said is, that they think no wrong; and, in the enjoyment of the music, give no heed to the meaning of the words; but that is not the less a danger to which we are insensible, and custom has gone far indeed to do its work of mischief, if words of folly and impiety can pass our lips without exciting our attention. Again my mind recurred to what music might be—to what it ought to be. Its powerful influence on our hearts—its fitness to excite and to express the best and finest feelings of our nature—above all, its peculiar suitability

to speak the feelings of a grateful heart, at peace with God and with itself. I listened no more that night.

#### LOVE TO GOD AND MAN.

Love to God, is a divine principle,—in affection resulting from a contemplation of the goodness, loving-kindness, and excellencies of the Almighty. It operates both as a statute and a privilege:—the Scriptures say "thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength;"—so we see, "love is the fulfilling of the law of Christ." Again: what a great privilege it is to be endued with love towards so great and glorious a Being as God is!—and to experience the consequent renovating influences of the Spirit of God,—his love, in this case, "surpassing far the love of all beneath," fills the soul with ineffable bliss, and enables it to bear with the persecutions of the world. Love to God, and man, is a necessary ingredient in the formation of the Christian character,—love is the image of God in the soul of man,—love is the ground-work of religion;—"though," says Paul, "I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, (or love,) I am become as a sounding-brass or tinkling cymbal." "Brotherly love," says a distinguished writer, "must flow from love to God, and extend to all mankind;" yea, we are required by the Highest Authority to love even our enemies,—not so as to countenance them in their evil actions, but to forgive the injuries they have done us. "Be kindly affectionate one to another, with brotherly love;" is the exhortation of the apostle Paul; thus we are called on to behave with courtesy,—affability, and affection to our neighbour,—to endeavor to promote his temporal and eternal happiness,—to overlook his blindness and ignorances,—to treat him, in all cases, "with brotherly love." The word "philadelphia," (observes Dr. Adam Clarke) "signifies that affectionate regard which every Christian should feel for another, as being members of the same mystical body. Hence it is emphatically termed 'the love of the brethren.'" Without love, both to God, and man, we need not expect ever attaining happiness in the world to come,—we can never expect to sit at the right hand of that good and gracious God, who has given us the injunction, "to love God with all our hearts, souls, minds, and strength: and our neighbour as ourselves."

#### OBITUARY.

For the Methodist Protestant.

##### MRS. CATHARINE MUMMEY.

Our much beloved Sister in the Lord, Mrs. CATHARINE MUMMEY, late consort of Thomas Mumme, Esq. has left the church militant and all that was interesting to her on earth, to unite with the spirits of the just made perfect in Heaven. The summons of her Lord came and was obeyed. She departed this life on Friday evening last, 7th inst. in the 54th year of her age, and in the certain expectation of eternal life, surrounded by a number of her friends who found her ready for her flight, and we have the fullest confidence that Angels hovered round her bed and escorted her happy spirit to the paradise of God.

Her deep solicitudes and anxieties, her tears and her prayers on earth for the salvation of her own soul, and that of many others are all ended. She has gone to the upper sanctuary, where her



prayers are consummated in praise—eternal praise to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever. Her faith and piety were known to God, and were acknowledged by all who had the pleasure of her personal acquaintance, the number of whom was very considerable. Her personal labours of love for the prosperity of the church of the living God, have also ceased. She will no longer be seen a leader in all that is spiritual amongst the people of God. The seat she occupied in the house of God on earth, is now by her forever vacated. Her Saviour has bidden her to come up higher and to sit down with Him on his throne, even as he overcame and has set down with His Father on His throne.

Who shall be counted worthy to fill her place in the earthly courts of the Lord's house? Or can it be filled by any of the present generation? Which of the females will be willing to make the same sacrifices—to endure the same labor—to be seen similarly in season and out of season—and to encourage and strengthen the hearts and the hands of the faithful ministers and members of the church? We ask these questions, and we offer them as an appeal. Her life was a practical commentary on her profession of faith in Christ.

She was truly a mother in Israel. Who that had the pleasure of knowing her, that was not a witness of her meekness, her gentleness, her patience, her fortitude, and her intense labours of Christian love? Who ever saw obstacles in her way which faith and patience could surmount, which were not overcome by her?

She was the mother of a large and interesting family of children. Her example as a mother and a wife was known and felt by her husband and her children, nor will the recollection thereof ever be forgotten by either. The agony consequent on her removal from earth was not only depicted in the countenances of the family, but was irrepressibly great;—it burst forth in loud and soul piercing accents—and could only be partially allayed by reminding them that her happiness was now complete and eternal.—“I know that” was responded by each, “but we were not prepared to meet the call, it has come so unexpectedly.”

On Friday morning the writer heard the rumor that “Mrs. Mummey was dying.”—He hastened to complete some temporal matters and went to the house of grief about half past ten, for the purpose of administering some words of consolation to the family. He was afterwards invited to go and see our beloved friend. As he approached the bed-side her sister-in-law\* said

\*Since writing the above, the death of this truly amiable and pious lady, Mrs. Catharine Mummey, wife of Mr. Joshua Mummey, has been announced. She also has fallen a victim to the same disease which called the subject of the above memoir from this fleeting world.

Her attentions to her dying sister were unremitting and most affectionate. We doubt not that those two who were so closely united in the relations of life, and in the bonds of Christian love, have after a few of hours separation on earth been reunited in the world of glory above—that together they are walking in white robes the streets of the New Jerusalem—that together they are drinking the water of life that issues from the throne of God—that together they are striking their harps in immortal melody to Him that loved them and gave himself for them.—Mrs. Joshua Mummey was for many years, and up to the period of her death, an exemplary

to her, brother H. is here—she reached out her hand and said “I am glad to see you brother H—I am very ill and all will be soon over—I shall soon be gone—Oh brother H. what should I do in this affliction, in this trying hour, if I had no Saviour to sustain me!”

Have you peace Sister Mummey, was asked? “She replied I have peace.” She then asked for some water which he placed to her lips, after she had taken a little she looked at him with sweet composure and said, “I shall soon drink of the fountain of life above.” He said, Sister Mummey I hope you have strong confidence in God. She replied, “my trust is only in my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.” After she had taken time to recover from the previous effort of speaking, she looked him full in the face and said, “give my love to Sister H. tell her I expect to meet her in Heaven,” and a minute or two after, said to him—“Tell my other band sisters that I die in the Lord, and that I expect to meet them in Heaven.”—She then said to him “pray with me.” Several being present, all united in prayer to God on her behalf—it was a solemn and melting occasion. Her husband almost immediately after prayer approached her, she looked affectionately at him, and strongly urged him to make a full dedication of himself to God, and then desired him to take charge of their dear children.

To the infant branch of the church of Christ, called the Methodist Protestant Church, of which she was a member, the death of Sister Mummey is considered, indeed an irreparable loss. May this inscrutable dispensation be sanctified to prompt each and all of us to follow our beloved Sister in the exercise of faith in Christ, and patience in suffering, and doing the will of our heavenly Father, that like her we may finish our course in triumph, and enter into our Master's joy!

member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—Reader—writer—“Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh!” “Who next shall be summoned away? My merciful God is it I.”

For the Methodist Protestant.

#### MISS PAMELA LEWIS.

The subject of this obituary, Miss PAMELA LEWIS, was born in the county of Buckingham, Va., on the 11th of October, 1812, and died at the New Store in the same county, on Sunday the 9th of July, 1832.

At an age when she was incapable of appreciating the worth of parental affection, her mother was taken from her to eternity. Being only four years of age, this afflicting dispensation of Providence, like a transient meteor, passed away, leaving its bear trace upon her memory, until the remembrance thereof was recalled by the stronger impress of succeeding years, and the removal of her father to that home from whence no traveller returns, in 1829. Thus, at the age of 16, she was, as it were, thrown upon the waves of the wild world, destitute of those whose peculiar province it was to have taught her the precepts of religion in the morning of life. Viewing these circumstances in their proper light, she determined, whilst she endured the chastening of “the rod,” to adore him “who appointed it;” and bidding adieu to this world, which is but “a fleeting show,” she turned her face Zionward, and sought and found an asylum in the embraces of the “Father of the fatherless,” the ORPHAN'S FRIEND!

In 1830, prompted by no ordinary degree of firmness and decision of character, regarding the cause of Reform as being of God, she cast in her lot with the Reformers at Physic Spring, it being the first society of Methodist Protestants that was organized in her native county. Being first in the work of organization, every circumstance connected with the rise and progress of that society, particularly, is deeply engraven on my heart. Among the number of its brightest ornaments, the name of sister Lewis stands recorded. Her charity for all Christians was manifested in every event of her useful life; and to her brethren and sisters of the M. P. Church, she was attached by the most indissoluble ties of Christian affection.

Young as she was, the prosperity of Zion, and of the church of her choice, was her constant care. That she might realize this, a life of devotedness to the service of God, her closet exercises, and the services of the sanctuary, were put into requisition. In thus honouring her redeemer, she was not forsaken by him; for “the angel of his presence” was with her to comfort her along the rugged pathway to the tomb, while she was delighted frequently to sing the Hymn containing these lines:—

“Tho’ distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread’st the thorny road;  
His right hand shall still defend thee;  
Soon he’ll bring thee home to God!”

As a preceptress, she succeeded in gaining the confidence and esteem of her patrons and pupils, so long as she was engaged in that vocation; the arduous duties of which she was discharging when she was summoned from earth to heaven.

On the 3d of July, she was arrested by an attack of the Scarlet Fever, and after labouring under its severe effects for six days, she breathed her last.

Despairing of her recovery, she fervently entreated the Lord if it were his will to take her to himself, that she might die a happy death; observing, “I have to die, and why not now?” The day before she died, she remarked to the lady who was with her, “Miss Margaret, this is not my home!” and, on being asked where it was, she replied, “in Heaven.” A few hours prior to her departure, she strove very hard to sing “How happy every child of grace,” &c. but the swelling in her throat suffocated her, and she triumphantly expired, leaning on the bosom of her Redeemer, aged 19 years, 8 months and 28 days.

To her friends and relations I would say, weep not! ’Tis true, our sister has gone. Her sun, which had not reached its meridian, has gone down, tinged with the delightful hues of reviving hope; while the memory of her name is embalmed with the consoling reflection, that, if faithful to God, we shall, ere long, hail her happy in the church triumphant in Heaven.

LEWIS F. COSBY.

Abingdon, Va., August 16th, 1832.

When we think of the various miseries in the world, it seems as if we ought to mourn continually for our fellow creatures; and that it is only for want of feeling that we indulge in joy for a single moment. But when we consider all these apparent evils as the dispensations of Providence, tending to correct the corruption of our nature, and to fit us for the enjoyment of eternal happiness, we cannot only look with calmness on the misfortunes of others, but receive those appointed for ourselves with gratitude.





## POETRY.

## THE ORDINATION

Up, to thy Master's work! for thou art sworn  
To do his bidding, till the hand of death  
Strike off thy armor. Not among the gaudes,  
And pomps and pleasures of this fleeting world  
Is thy vocation. Thy deep vow denies  
To hoard its gold, or truckle for its smile,  
Or bind its blood-stained laurel on thy brow;  
A nobler field is thine. The soul! The soul!  
That is thy province; that mysterious thing  
Which hath no limit from the walls of sense;  
No chill from hoary time: with pale decay  
No fellowship; but shall stand forth unchange,  
Unscorch'd amid the resurrection fires,  
To bear its boundless lot of good or ill;  
And thou dost take authority to aid  
This pilgrim's essence to a throne in heaven  
Among the glorious harpers, and the ranks  
Of radiant seraphim and cherubim;  
Thy business is with that which cannot die.  
Whose subtle thought the untravell'd universe  
Spans on swift wing,—from slumbering ages sweeps  
Their buried treasure, scans the vault of heaven,  
Weighing its orbs of light and pointing out  
Their trackless pathway through the blue expanse,  
Folds the red comet in its flaming speed,  
And aims to read the secrets of its God.  
—Yet thou, a son of clay art privileged  
To make thy Saviour's image brighter still,  
In this majestic soul.

Give God the praise

That thou art counted worthy, and lay down  
Thy life in dust. Bethink thee of its loss.  
For He whose sighs in Olivet whose pangs  
On Calvary, best speak its priceless worth,  
Saith that it *may be lost*. Should it sin on  
Till the last hour of grace and penitence  
Is melted out, ah! what would it avail  
Though the whole world with all its pomp and power,  
And plumage, were its own? What were its gain  
When the brief hour-glass of this life shall fail,  
And leave remote, no grave; despair, no hope?  
—Up, blow thy trumpet! sound the loud alarm  
To these who sleep in Zion. Boldly warn  
To escape their condemnation, o'er whose head  
Age after age of misery hath roll'd,  
Who from their prison house look up and see  
Heaven's golden gate and to its watchmen cry  
"What of the night?" while the dread answer falls  
With fearful echo down the unfathom'd depths,  
"Eternity!"

Should one of these lost souls  
Amid its tossings utter forth thy name,  
As one who might have pluck'd it from the pit,  
Thou man of God. would there not be a burst  
Of tears in heaven?

O! live the life of prayer.

The life of faith in the meek Son of God,  
The life of tireless labor for his sake.  
So may the angel of the covenant bring  
Thee to thy home in bliss, with many a gem  
To glow for ever in thy Master's crown.

Sunday, June 10, 1832.

Extract of a letter dated Cheraw, Aug. 31.—"There is now going on in Darlington, one of the greatest revivals of religion that has ever been known in the south. People from the surrounding country to the distance of 40 and 50 miles, are flocking to the Court-house to hear the gospel. There have been already 150 hopeful conversions—and the great work is yet going on with undiminished vigor."

## INTELLIGENCE.

## CHOLERA.

BALTIMORE.—The Board of Health reports 226 deaths from Cholera in this city for the week.

*Aurora Borealis*.—We had a splendid view of this beautiful phenomenon last night, between 9 and 10 o'clock. It made its first appearance in the N. N. E. and S. parts of the horizon, mostly in the form of large, brilliant rays, perpendicular to the earth, moving horizontally. At one time a beautifully shining ray crossed from N. to S.; at last it extended all over the horizon, and appeared towards the S. W. in immense sheets of light, moving constantly and with great velocity in all directions, and having much the appearance of running water over which the sun shines vertically. The light it sent forth was nearly as great as that of the moon.

Quebec Gaz. Aug. 24.

It is stated under the date of Rome, July 4, that the Pope Gregory XVI., had concluded a convention, on the 30th of June, with an American company for the exclusive sale of salt fish in the Roman States. Joseph Bonaparte, ex king of Spain, is at the head of this company. It pays the political chamber annually for the privilege 50,000 crowns, for twelve years; it besides pays down the further sum of 300,000 crowns. This last sum has been paid by Madame Letitia Bonaparte, for her son.

## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Our distant subscribers are respectfully informed, that owing to the prevailing epidemic, this paper is sent a mail later than usual. The publisher's personal attendance on a number of our dear and afflicted friends, together with indisposition amongst the printer's hands, alone occasions delay.

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